

Only on Tuesdays

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Only on Tuesdays

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Summary

Dream shifts so that George can wrap his legs around his waist. “You’re lucky I’m so hopelessly in love with you,” he mumbles with fake annoyance, lifting George by the thighs as he stands up.

“I know,” George replies contentedly against the curve of Dream’s neck. “I just have that effect on people.”

“You’re so dumb.”

“Yup.”

“I could just drop you right now.”

“You wouldn’t,” George smiles, eyes closed.

Notes

Have some soft dnf for Valentine's!

“I have so many video ideas I can’t wait to share with you guys. I should be releasing one next week along with the new manhu-”

The creaking of the door makes Dream stop mid-sentence, perking up at the sound. He looks over one shoulder to find George peeking inside, one hand on the door frame.

Once he sees Dream's stream open he mouths a "*sorry*," and begins to close the door again.

"Wait no- don't leave George," Dream protests, and George pauses.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt," he says, shuffling a few steps into the room.

Dream waves him over. "I'm just finishing up anyways," he says, catching George by the hand and pulling him to his side. George intertwines their fingers, leaning against the side of the chair.

"How was the stream chat?" George asks as Dream rests his head against his arm. "I hope Dream didn't bore you too much."

"It might have been more interesting if a certain someone didn't sleep through the challenge," Dream teases and George rolls his eyes.

"You could have woken me up," he counters. "I'm just in the next room over."

Dream shrugs. "I felt bad. You looked so comfortable."

"Oh so you watch me sleep now."

"Only on Tuesdays."

George laughs that high hiccuping laugh that he hates and Dream loves, and Dream smiles fondly, heart surging.

"You're dumb," George says, and Dream kisses the hand intertwined with his own.

"I know," he agrees with a chuckle.

"Now hurry and end your stream, Sap wants help making dinner."

Dream raises his eyebrows, impressed. "Sapnap cooking huh? Should I be worried?"

"He said he would go crazy if we ate takeout one more time this week," George replies. "I agree. It's about time we mixed it up."

"What, are you finally sick of Moe's?" Dream asks, feigning shock.

George wrinkles his nose. "I never liked it in the first place."

"Oh how you wound me Georgie," Dream responds, and George rolls his eyes.

"That's it, I'm leaving," the older boy says, trying and failing to pull away as Dream wraps his arms around his waist.

"It seems I am needed elsewhere," Dream says loudly, George still trying to wiggle out of his grasp. "Thanks for tuning in today, I had a lot of fun. As always, love you guys! Your support means the world."

George leans in close to Dream's headset. "Don't forget to subscribe to GeorgeNotFound!" he shouts over the top of Dream, who lets go to push his face away, laughing. "Let's get an offline hype train going!"

“Ignore him! Thanks again! Bye chat!” Dream calls even louder, clicking the button to end the stream.

As soon as the screen goes dark, George grins smugly, dancing away.

“You’re such an idiot,” Dream says, unable to keep the smile from his face.

George shrugs, rocking back and forth on his feet. “Takes one to know one.”

Dream holds out his arms, but George merely raises both eyebrows, placing one hand on his hip.

“Oh, do you need something?” He says innocently, tilting his head.

Dream shakes his head in amusement, getting to his feet. “You’re the worst.”

“But you love me anyways,” George says.

“I don’t know about that,” Dream replies, before darting forward and tackling George to the nearby bean bag.

George shrieks, cackling with laughter. “Get off of me!” he hollers as Dream peppers him with sloppy kisses.

“No,” Dream replies decidedly. He only stops when George catches his face in his hands.

George waits till Dream stops squirming, looking into his eyes.

“Hi,” he says.

Dream sighs at the touch. “Hi.”

He forces himself to stay still as George leans in, pressing a gentle kiss to his lips. Dream’s eyelids flutter shut and he leans forward, the hint of a smile still curling the corners of his mouth. He whines as George pulls away, brushing the hair away from his face.

“What?” Dream says, as George takes him in with a long gaze.

“Nothing,” George replies, twisting one messy strand between his fingers.

Unable to stand it any longer, Dream pulls him back in, kissing him deeply.

George clutches him tightly, opening his mouth further to allow Dream’s tongue to slide in.

“So needy,” George murmurs against him, and Dream snorts, moving to nuzzle the space where his ear meets his neck, placing barely-there kisses along the strip of soft skin.

“I missed you,” Dream mumbles, the warm puff of breath making George shiver.

“You saw me just this morning,” he says, caressing Dream’s jaw, feeling the rough start of stubble beneath his fingers.

“Mm... too long,” Dream sighs, nose nudging George’s collarbone.

George chuckles, running his fingers through Dream’s hair, resting his chin on the top of his head. Dream curls further into him, wrapping his arms around George’s neck.

“Next time I’ll just nap in here then,” George says, amused, and Dream nods.

“Perfect.” He pauses. “I like having you close by.”

George feels his cheeks warm, and kisses the top of Dream’s head.

When George doesn’t say anything, Dream groans. “Sorry, that sounded so cheesy,” he says, pulling away slightly.

George tilts Dream’s chin up, forcing him to make eye contact before connecting their lips again. “I like having you close by too,” he says between kisses. “For the record.” Dream returns the gesture, one hand snaking around to cup George’s jaw and pull him closer.

“Do you think Sap would notice if we just didn’t come down for dinner,” Dream asks breathlessly, and George’s fuzzy mind is inclined to agree. But he knows in reality they won’t get away with it.

“He’ll probably come drag us out one way or the other,” George admits, humming as Dream nibbles at his ear.

“We could lock the door.”

George laughs, running his hands under the soft cotton of Dream’s sweatshirt, gliding his fingers along his back. “Maybe we could skip out if you had actually eaten something today.”

Dream leans back to give George a curious look. “How did you know I haven’t eaten?”

George shrugs, laying his head on his boyfriend’s shoulder. “I didn’t. But I know you.”

Dream pokes him in the side and he giggles. “So you do. Fine, we’ll go help with dinner. But we’re going right back to this after.”

“Okay,” George agrees, through a yawn. Then, “You should carry me downstairs.”

“Oh really?” Dream snickers, and George murmurs “*Mhm.*”

Dream shifts so that George can wrap his legs around his waist. “You’re lucky I’m so hopelessly in love with you,” he mumbles with fake annoyance, lifting George by the thighs as he stands up.

“I know,” George replies contentedly against the curve of Dream’s neck. “I just have that effect on people.”

“You’re so dumb.”

“Yup.”

“I could just drop you right now.”

“You wouldn’t,” George smiles, eyes closed.

“I wouldn’t,” Dream agrees, opening the door with his foot. “But don’t think I’m gonna let you sleep through doing dishes tonight. There’s gotta be a line somewhere.”

“Okay, okay. I’ll do dishes, and you promise to come to bed at a decent hour.”

“And you promise to not ditch my streams last minute.”

“Deal.”

“Deal.”

George presses a kiss to Dream’s cheek, reveling in the soft smile that finds its way to the man’s face under his touch.

Those smiles George tucks away in his heart, replaying them behind his eyelids until the next one comes.

These are the moments he lives for.

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